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Through Foreign Window Panes

BY

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A QUARTERLY

FOREWORD

There is no harder mission field in all the world than the land of the Turk. On the other hand, there are no more encouraging fields than India, China and Japan. When, therefore, a missionary from out the trenches of Turkey breathes the freer, more exhilarating air of the Far East he has experiences that strengthen and inspire him mightily. Little scenes of every day missionary life have for him a freshness and force that hearten him for the long weary battle in his own sector. No wonder he desires to share his blessings with his friends in an intimate way.

Mr. Harlow, while presenting to us these scenes "Through Foreign Window Panes" (as they came to him last spring on his journey to Peking as delegate to the World's Student Federation meeting), gives us at the same time glimpses into his own soul, as he, a missionary of Smyrna, feels the inspiriting effect of missionary success in the lands visited. When rightly interpreted, this personal testimony cannot fail to bring home to each reader, in these dark days that follow the burning of Smyrna, a message of hope and cheer.

E. F. B.

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Through Foreign Window Panes

By Rev. Ralph Harlow

I. Through A Port Hole

It was on a P. and O. liner en route from Port Said to Bombay that I first looked out on Aden, way down at the end of the Red Sea on the tip of the Arabian peninsula. Like Gibraltar it is one of those outposts of the great Empire which flies the British flag.

At Aden it had not rained a drop in over seven years! What a landscape! Not a shrub nor a blade of grass, not even a well of water — nothing but volcanic rock, sand, dust, heat, and pitiless sun, save at night when the stars looked down. Had the writer of the Apocalypse lived at Aden he would certainly never have given us a picture of a heaven with no night there, where no friendly stars twinkle in the coolness of the dark. In the great cisterns dug in the rock only traces of green slime told one that rain had once fallen on this desert spot. The drinking water is distilled from the sea. Dirty, low, mud-houses, here and there a two-story building, a grey mosque with its stern minaret,—such is Aden through the port hole.

Up on deck the young British subaltern, to whom I gave a greeting as he came over the side, burst out: "Don't pity me. I get along here jolly well. It's not so damn rotten, you know!" But there was no enthusiasm in his voice and an awkward pause followed. Such phrases as "the Empire," "the King, God bless him," etc., came to my mind, but "the White Man's Burden" out there in the glare and heat, didn't look particularly romantic from the shaded deck of the Karmala.

It was not of the young British subaltern, who had gone

back in the Government launch, that I was thinking as the lights of Aden faded and we escaped to sea again. At Aden I had met another. He had no launch; he came out to the ship in a native caiuk. He was grateful when the officer offered to take him ashore. He was a missionary from Denmark. When he mentioned Copenhagen, memory took me back to a day in June and to a car window through which I had gazed with rapture on the verdant glory of that northern land. Beautiful trees, sky blue waters, cooling winds from off the sea, green fields — such is my memory vision of Denmark. And now Aden — Aden not for one year, or three, as with the British boy, but for life!

Several miles in from the town, down in the great crater of an extinct volcano, this man has a school for Moslem boys. Never have I seen a more bigoted, fanatical, ignorant slice of humanity than those Aden Moslems.

"Are they grateful for the school?"

"Oh, no, most of them are suspicious and hostile; even the government shows no friendliness. The British chaplain has no interest in the school either."

There in that furnace of a crater — no green thing, no flower, no sympathetic touch — do memories of Denmark ever rise, I wonder?

"It is lonely, at times. I wish we had another man here. I miss the companionship. I come out to the ship when I can get off, to get a little friendly contact." Then he went on and told of his love for his school boys, of his desire to bring to their dwarfed and visionless souls something of beauty and moral strength.

Suddenly, just as we parted, and the siren warned "All ashore that's going ashore," the man before me seemed to grow radiant. I saw the scars on *his* brow and the nail-prints in *his* hands and feet. No *man* would come from green fields to live in Aden. But there came back to me the story of a Good Shepherd who had lost a sheep and he would search for it — even in Aden; and the story of

a father whose son went to a far country, but while he was a great way off — perhaps as far away as Aden — his father ran to meet him. And some day — the belief grew strong in me as the lights faded in the distance — some day there would be Arab souls who would wake in another realm and a face would seem strangely familiar, till they cried out, "We knew *you* — back in *Aden!*"

II. Through A Third-Class Window

The next window was not the port hole of a ship but the glass of a third-class car on the branch line that runs from Poona up to Ahmednagar where one of the finest efforts to redeem India is being put forth by a group of American Board missionaries in schools for boys and girls and in village work throughout the district; and associated with them a splendid Indian Christian leadership in school and church.

I had good company on that trip, a missionary bride-to-be who had been down to Bombay getting her trousseau. What fun we had telling each other of the ups and downs of missionary life, especially those knotty affairs called "station problems."

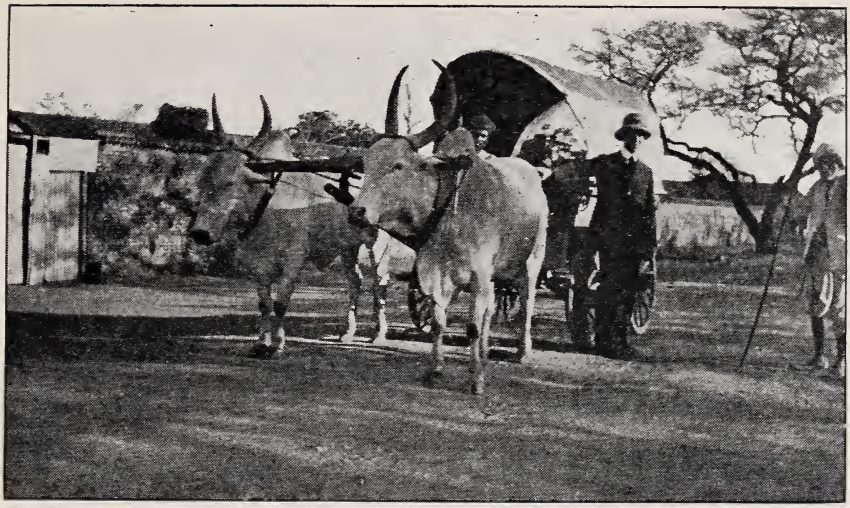
Of course, I showed her the pictures of my home where the hills of Smyrna run down to meet the sea, and my three youngsters run out to meet their daddy. (What fun it is telling a willing and eager listener about one's kiddies and their mother!) I could not recall a single meal in the three months before I left Smyrna for India when we had sat down alone as a family around the table at mealtime,— always some students, some young teachers, dear friends, travelers from far away, just dropping in to see the College — but oh, what fun we've had in that missionary home at Smyrna. *And now!*

Before the train reached Ahmednagar I was eagerly looking through the car window for another place, a little Indian village where lived a woman whom of all the women of India I desired most to see. She lived and worked

at Kedgaon. Her name is loved wherever, in India or throughout the world, hearts long for the emancipation of the child widows of India into the larger, happier life which can be found for them only when the teachings of Christ are applied to the social customs of that land. For her work in famine relief, her efforts to lift the women and children of her race in schools and industrial work, the British Government awarded her the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal.

Some twenty odd years ago my mother took me to hear Pundita Ramabai speak in a large church in Worcester, Massachusetts. How well I remember the impression she made on me then as a boy. The beautiful flowing costume, the bright shawl around her shoulders, the dignity of her bearing, the sweetness of her face and the low, earnest tones of her voice, all held me fascinated, for she was the first Indian I had seen. The story she told of the sorrows and sufferings of the little child widows moved me. At the close of her address she invited her hearers to take away some leaflets telling more about her work, but she asked one promise in return; she asked that only those take leaflets who would pray daily for her work among the women and girls in far off India. After serious hesitation I took one of those pamphlets and went home to tell my brother and sister of Pundita Ramabai and her wonderful work. Together we were able to raise a small sum of money to send to Ramabai. Her talk and the promise she asked had a marked influence on my life. For twenty years and more I have been unable to leave Pundita Ramabai and her work out of my prayers.

Was it strange then, that Mukti held magic interest for me, or that my heart beat faster as very early on a bright, hot Indian morning, I looked through the car window and saw Kedgaon written in large letters on a wayside station platform and knew that Mukti was near at last? Mukti is the name Pundita Ramabai gave to her collection of fields and buildings just outside Kedgaon. It means "Salvation." Well named is Mukti!



Pundita Ramabai's Limousine
From a third class car window at Kedgaon

And there at the station was her limousine,—a beautiful two-bullock-power, huge-wheeled seven-seater. No traveler alights from the dusty car at Kedgaon without finding that bullock cart waiting. At least it was so then.

Our chauffeur was an Australian ex-soldier. During the war he had been in India and heard of Ramabai's work. After the war was over he wrote and asked if he might have a share in it and there he was, driving the beautiful bullock cart down to meet the early morning train, returning to Mukti to take charge of a group of over a hundred very lively orphan boys.

Mukti is not a fashionable boarding school. Simplicity makes her home there, but Cordiality dwells with her. As you light from the bullock cart you see a long building of one story, divided into little rooms all opening on a covered veranda. Each guest is shown a room where facilities for bathing and resting are found. A light breakfast is soon brought to your door by one of the girls of the school.

First Glimpses

When I first looked through the window of my little room at Mukti I saw a long line of girls, dressed in brightly colored cloth bearing pots of water on their heads. Then a file of blind orphan children went by singing, and all the while there was a coming and going of women and girls each intent on some piece of work,—yet all with faces that translated Mukti easily for me into "Salvation." Down the veranda a group of children were singing in the native dialect "Jesus loves me; this I know." Surely the living spirit of Ananta Shastri and his girl wife must rejoice as they look down on Mukti.

There is no space here to tell much of that wonderful life without whose inspiration Mukti would never have been. Sixty years and more ago Ramabai was born in a jungle up in the Western Ghauts where tigers and lions and poisonous snakes abound and where night was hideous with the cries of the wild beasts. How this little child, later to be decorated by the King of England, came to be born in that forest jungle and the steps by which God led her up life's pathway, is a fascinating story.

Ramabai's Story

Her father, Ananta Shastri, was a teacher and philosopher and he had a great hunger after God. In his young manhood he saw just one educated woman, she a princess in the palace of the reigning Peishua of Poona. At once he became passionately devoted to the cause of emancipating all women in India through education and enlightenment.

To give undisputed evidence that woman was intellectually capable of receiving an education he married a girl of nine and took her into the forests there to instruct her himself, so great was the popular and priestly opposition to the enlightenment of woman. The child wife learned quickly and became especially proficient in the holy books of the Sanscrit.

It was to these two that Ramabai was born and upon her the parents poured out their devotion and to her they gave of their best. The father, being advanced in years, it was her girl mother who gave to Ramabai all her early instruction. The child Ramabai proved worthy of her parents' dearest hopes and as a child mastered the sacred books of India.

The story of the struggle with poverty the little family faced is pathetic. A terrible famine came upon the land and though they visited shrine after shrine and prayed to the gods their condition became so wretched that the old father, now quite blind, decided to end his life by drowning in one of the sacred pools, it not being considered suicide to end one's life in the sacred water of a temple pool.

The picture of her old father which Ramabai gives is most touching. "I shall never forget his last injunctions to me. His blind eyes could not see my face; but he held me tight in his arms, and, stroking my head and cheeks, he told me in a few words, broken with emotion, to remember how he loved me, and how he taught me to do right, and never depart from the way of righteousness His last loving command to me was to lead an honorable life, if I lived at all, and serve God. He did not know the only true God, but served the — to him — unknown God with all his heart and strength; and he was very desirous that his children should serve Him to the last. 'Remember, my child,' he said, 'you are my youngest, my most beloved child. I have given you into the hands of our God. You are His, and to Him alone you must belong, and serve Him all your life.' "

Fortunately Ramabai's brother prevented the old father from this act of self-destruction. It was not long, however, before Ramabai was left an orphan and with her brother traveled about India. In Calcutta she found the opportunity of revealing her knowledge of the sacred Sanscrit and was examined by a group of pundits who conferred on her the distinguished title of Sarasrati. She was

but twenty years of age at the time. Then came the death of her brother and she was left indeed alone.

A few months later she married an educated Indian, a graduate of Calcutta University, but after one short year of happy life together he died leaving Ramabai with a baby girl, whom they had named Manorama, meaning "Heart's Joy."

Ramabai burned to carry on the work of emancipating India's womanhood. At last she went to England where soon after she made her confession of her faith in Christ, so wonderful did the freedom of the Christian women seem to her. From that first step she and her daughter entered into a spiritual devotion to Christ which has borne fruit in countless lives.

Her chief desire was to relieve the fearful sorrow and misery among the little child widows, especially of the higher caste. The condition of the child widow in India then was, and still remains, tragic beyond words. Their heads shaved, dressed in the coarsest of garments, looked upon often as the curse which led to the death of their husbands — these little girls are indeed in need of One who called to all the weary and the broken of heart "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Ramabai's school at Bombay, and later at Poona, brought happiness and joy to multitudes of these little girls. Although she did not enforce Christian teachings upon them, so many found Christ in her life that the Hindus attacked her school in the press and in open opposition. Letters threatened her life, circulars were distributed abusing her in harsh and at times indecent language. She stood firm. Her school kept on.

How many Christian women in a Christian land could stand such persecution, looked upon as an outcast by her race, ostracised, railed upon, and continue to bear themselves with dignity, courage and Christ-like love?

One day a prince called on her to reproach her for leaving the Hindu faith and becoming a hated Christian.

When he saw the happiness on the faces of the little widows, listened to their songs and laughter, his wrath got the better of him as he burst out, "A school of widows! What right have they to have happiness or education? Those who have no husbands or sons to serve are of no more value than the street dogs and crows, and might as well live like them."

Oh, Prince of India, with your jewels and your silks, rocked in a golden cradle, with your allegiance to unknown gods, such may be your decree, but there at Mukti looking out of the little window on those laughing children I thanked the God of love for another Prince who had no jewels and who was wrapped in swaddling clothes and cradled in a manger.

When the plague swept away millions, the school of Poona had to be abandoned and Ramabai moved her girls to Kedgaon, where she secured a large piece of land and erected a number of buildings, calling the whole establishment Mukti. During those famine days she felt compelled to take in orphans and widows of lower classes and from then on she has had widows and orphans of all castes.

Some Results

To a marked degree Mukti is self-supporting. The cooking, the weaving of the clothing, the washing and all the domestic duties are carried on by her girls—and yet everywhere classes go on.

One sight which moved me much was the great unfinished church. Only half of it is completed and roofed in. And for over ten years so it has stood. I thought of the great churches in our own land — and only a thousand dollars would finish that church at Mukti. But the finished part is working seven days in the week. I found it filled with hundreds of pupils, from children learning their first spelling lessons up to girls just ready to enter the University at Bombay. On Sunday the great church is filled for Bible School and the Christian service.

Ramabai, be it known, is a scholar. Her translations of the Bible, and her concordance is a monumental work, giving the text in both Hebrew and Greek. She has her own printing press and I watched her girls turning off page after page of beautifully printed Scripture.

And that kindergarten at Mukti! The kindergarten babies attract all visitors as they do in every land. What a sight to carry all one's life, to bring the smiles when gloomy thoughts arise! I just sat down and played the game through with them.

The Orphans from My Window at Mukti

To sum up some of the features of her work I saw at Mukti let me mention these:—an orphanage open to all who come; a refuge home for girls whose lives have been unprotected and who have fallen into paths of sin; a school for the blind; and a high school. Along with these many kinds of practical trades were being taught, printing, weaving, farming, etc. And over all and in all was a spirit of trust in God that made the reality of the unseen a vivid *Presence*.

Ramabai was growing old when I was there. For a year she had been failing rapidly and saw practically no visitors. When I told her associate of the little boy who began more than twenty years ago to pray for Ramabai's work she went away and returned saying "Ramabai says she must see you."

I passed down the walk in front of the long low building and in through an open door. There she sat. I shall never forget that face. For twenty minutes we sat on the mat together. I told her a little of our problems in Turkey. I mentioned the great student conference in China to which I was going, and of Dr. Mott's hopes for that conference. Her face lighted as she said, "Oh, I pray for Dr. Mott every day." She talked to me of God, of His wonderful leading in our lives. She opened the most beautiful window into which I looked on all my journeys — the window of her soul.

I came to Mukti at a sad time. It was but a few weeks before that her one beloved child, Manorama, Heart's Joy, had come home with a headache. Her sickness lasted but a few short hours and before they could realize it Manorama had gone home to God. She had recently been graduated from the University with honors. It was Manorama who was to take over her mother's work! Already she was the acting head of all the work and with enthusiasm and ability was entering into the great task to which her mother had given her life.

At evening I said good-bye to Mukti. A few short weeks later the beloved leader was called to join her daughter. Those of you who go up to Mukti now will miss the glory that shone when I was there, the radiance that is not on land or sea, shining in the face of a woman whose whole life has been lived to the glory of God for the helpless and the sorrowful.

I cannot forget some words in her journal which was shown me.

"Night has come. The bell for retiring is ringing. The girls hurry up from the garden to their respective dormitories. Each one spreads her bedding of a little carpet, a sheet, and two blankets. They are preparing to lie down and go off to sleep. But before going to bed they kneel down, either by themselves or around their matrons, and pray aloud. These new girls, babes in Christ, are just beginning to understand what praying means. Their expressions are very funny at times. They mean well. Some wee babes who are beginning to lisp are repeating just one verse from the Twenty-Third Psalm over and over again. 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall N O T W-A-A-A-N-T.' Great stress is laid on the last two words. The poor little things have known too well what want means. At eight the bell rings again, when all girls are in bed."

How she loved those girls, how her loving heart went out to all those babes of India. A great host have caught through the window of that Indian mother's soul a deeper glimpse into the meaning for all motherhood in the little Child of Bethlehem. As I came away from Mukti I thanked God that long ago my mother had taken me to hear a woman out of India.

III. Through A Palace Window

A few days later, just at dawn, I gazed in rapture through the curved marble outline of a window of an Indian palace. Before me was that glorious vision of sheer beauty in purest marble set like a pearl in a wondrous garden amid flashing fountains — the Taj Mahal.

Somehow I could not efface from memory the story of all the cruelty and oppression connected with its building, of the fearful death rate among the workers who raised its walls, of the putting out of the eyes of the two Christian

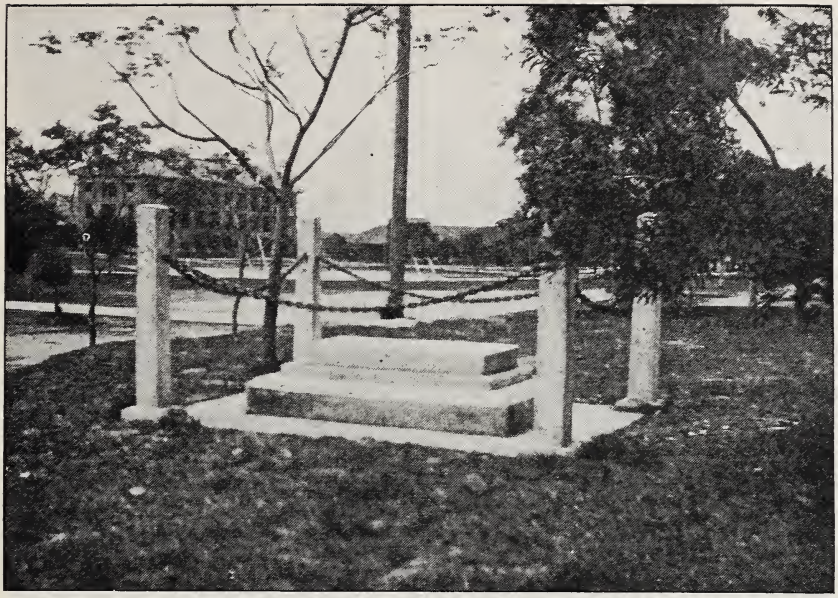
Looking at the Taj Mahal, India

architects who planned that shrine over the tomb of Shah Jehan and his wife. As you look upon the Taj it seems as though some fairy had raised it, without effort, without a sigh, and that even as you gaze it may melt away again in mist. But blood and groans and agony went into the slow raising tier on tier of those shining marble walls and towers, and the Shah who ordered it built to commemorate his great love for the dead wife, gave himself up to debauchery among the women of his harem in the years that followed. It is only Christ who builds in the hearts of men such sacred shrines to womanhood as will banish lust and safeguard purity.

IV. Through A Canton College Window

Three weeks later I looked through another window. This window was not outlined in curved marble but was in Grant Hall of Canton Christian College. Coming and going were young men and young women in whose faces I read a great future for the Chinese race if such young men and women are to guide the nation's destiny. Then through the window I looked out on the campus and saw a *grave*. China is a land of graves. You cannot get away from them, wherever you go, by rail or boat or chair into the country there are graves. The Chinese have no cemeteries; they bury their dead anywhere. But this particular grave awoke in me a mighty thrill as I listened to the story of how it came to be there in the center of that campus. In it lie the mortal remains of the first Chinese minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, ordained to the Christian ministry nearly a century ago. For years his body had lain in a nearby village till recently it was moved to the campus — a silent witness to the Gospel he proclaimed when following the Cross was not an easy thing. Here on the campus "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

He lived in the days when one of the first great missionaries of the Cross to China declared that if in a hundred years one hundred Chinese should become Christians it



The Grave of the First Chinese Pastor, on the Canton Christian College Campus

would be a miracle. And today in China there are over 30,000 Chinese Christian employed leaders and over 400,000 Protestant Chinese.

Out by that simple grave I seemed to see the curtain rise on those long and patient years — those first seven years of lonely endeavor when one man faced China's millions — seven years, and only one convert and one missionary associate. Then the slow, slow progress till the dawn began to break. In 1900, 75,000 Protestant Christians and 4,000 Chinese workers,—and then, then fire and sword, torture and martyrdom. Forty thousand Chinese Christians laid down their lives.

Who other than a missionary from Turkey could feel such emotions as no pen will express, standing as I did before tablet after tablet to the martyred Chinese dead and the missionary martyrs. But oh, the harvest of those days!

Within ten years of those Boxer days the Chinese Church membership leaped from 75,000 to over 200,000. In the past ten years more Chinese have confessed their faith in Christ and joined His Church than in the first hundred years of missionary endeavor in that land.

They Will Open the Windows for the Gospel Light in China
A group of Student Volunteers

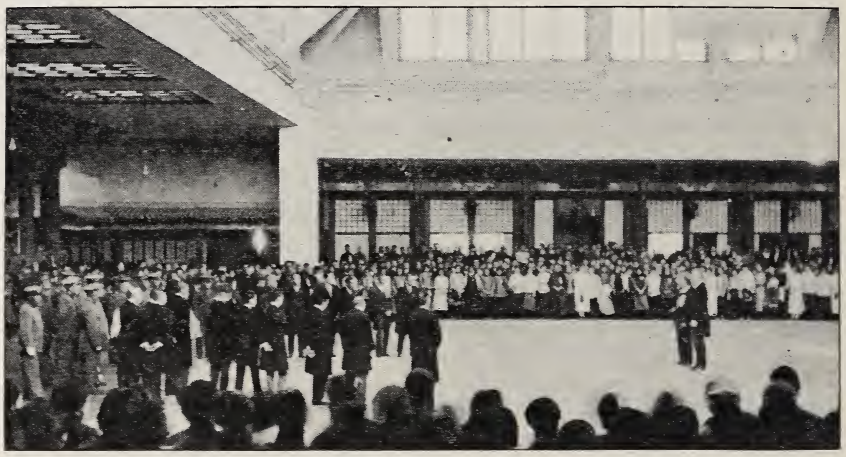
Around me rose the splendid buildings of a great Christian college. On the walls of the cabinet room in the Y. M. C. A. building of the college hangs the picture of the first student to hold the office of president of the student Y. M. C. A. He was beaten to death in prison, I was told, because he insisted on remaining loyal to Christ under bitter persecution. Today over a score of undergraduates in that college are student volunteers, dedicated to the Christian ministry and teaching, and between seventy and one hundred students, teachers, and native workmen connected with the college confess Christ every year. On two successive mornings as I stood on the platform of their large assembly room and looked into those hundreds of eager faces — among them numbers of Chinese women

students — I thanked God for China and prayed that some day China might show our western nations the deeper meaning of the Cross. The Church in China is not awakening; *it is awake.*

From this first humble Chinese preacher, to the great conference I attended in Shanghai, where a thousand Christian leaders met, more than half of them Chinese, is but the increase of the seed sown in one century. Yet what may we not hope of the coming century if we look down the years by the light of this statement prepared by the Chinese commission, headed by Dr. C. Y. C'heng, the conference chairman.

"In the name of the Lord, who prayed that all may be one, we appeal to all those who love the same Lord to follow His command and be united into one Church, catholic and indivisible, for the salvation of China. We confidently hope that the Church of China, thus united, will be able to serve as an impetus to the speedy healing of the broken body of Christ in the West. We confidently hope that the time will soon come when the Church of China will repay in part that which she has bountifully received from her mother churches in the West, the loving tribute of the daughter, contributions in thought, life, and achievement for the enrichment of the Church catholic. We firmly believe that the teaching and life of Christ have taught us beyond any doubt the possibility and the necessity of international world brotherhood. We hereby call upon everyone who serves in the Christian Church in China to seize every opportunity to promote international friendship, and fight together against international injustice. We therefore, call on all our fellow-Christians to take every opportunity to foster world brotherhood, and to that end to Christianize the rapidly developing national consciousness, 'so that we as a nation, may be witness to the whole world of the wonderful gift of a peace-loving nature with which God has endowed our race.' We hereby call upon all the followers of Jesus Christ to go forth with renewed zeal and consecrated hearts, with persistent efforts, and through united and definite programs to evangelize every part of China. . . What China really needs is Jesus Christ. With Him all her problems can be solved. Without Him all other methods and plans are of secondary value, for they do not touch the root trouble. . . When we say that China needs

Christ, we do not mean that China needs all the forms, customs and rites of Western Churches; nor even do we hold up all Christians as examples of what Jesus meant His followers to be, for not all Christians have the spirit of Christ. What we do mean is that it is our firm conviction that Christ is able to meet China's deepest need, for the Christ whom we recommend is a present Christ, a living Christ, a Christ of power who is able today, as in the past, to manifest Himself as Ruler of all in the hearts of men, in society, in the State, in the world. He once said: 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly!' These words completely embody in themselves the spirit of the Christian religion."



THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A PEKING PALACE
Dr. Mott speaks by interpretation to the President of China

What a picture it is,—this message out of "heathen China" in these days when after the slaughter of more than a million and a half of our helpless fellow-Christians in the Near East, the so-called Christian nations have stood by and selfishly squabbled over commercial concessions, or new territories seized, or held off from all the complex problems in cold aloofness, while thousands of other helpless ones were being done to death. God hasten the day when the voice of the Church of China shall be heard by the nations.

V. Through A Temple Window

And surely China herself *does* need that Church. In Peking I looked through one window I would I had not seen. It was in a temple outside one of the great gates on the road to Tunghsien. There in that horrible place where children are brought in fear and trembling to worship, I saw huge figures of devils tearing human victims, cutting out their eyes, pulling out their tongues, burning them, torture of all kinds and devilish contrivances to increase the agony, men being sawn in twain, hanging head down over live coals, shoved into ovens, and before these shrines countless burned out candles of worshippers. Is there no need of Christ to such as worship here?

Visitors' Day at the Old Ladies' Home, Peking

Not far from that awful temple I did see a sight that helped me forget in part those ghastly scenes. Next to helpless childhood, the helpless aged and infirm call forth our sympathy. How wretched is old age and infirmity in

a non-Christian social environment! One of our noblest American Board women in Peking, Mrs. Goodrich, who went through the fearful Boxer siege, noticed years ago this need among the old men and women at Peking. She secured two buildings, each with its courtyard, made up of little rooms, and in there she has a most interesting colony of old men and old women, whose daily bread is furnished them and who have a place to call home. Mrs. Goodrich has planned work for many of them so that they help support themselves. At the time of the Boxer uprising, nearly all this little colony was wiped out by the Boxers, but today Mrs. Goodrich has collected another group.

As she took me among them, how those old wrinkled faces shone with love for her who in their old age and infirmity had found for them a refuge from the street, a place to lay their weary heads. And to many of them has come that inner peace of Him of whom we love to sing —

"The last low whispers of the dead,
Are burdened with His name."

Individual Old Ladies

VI. Through A Nagasaki Window

In closing let me stand by one more window. It is in a girls' college at Nagasaki in Japan. There on a hill we look out on Nagasaki's beautiful harbor. This hilltop has a story. For generations the people of Nagasaki came to this hill and here where this Christian college stands were forced to stamp upon a Cross and spit upon it. Here in Nagasaki the great missionary Francis Xavier came three centuries ago from India, and at first was welcomed. Here converts to the new faith sprang up by hundreds and then by thousands.

Then came persecution, growing in intensity and bitterness, led on by the Buddhist priests and supported by the military authorities. Christians were crucified on the hilltop here and thousands suffered death right here in that spot. Those Christians must have had some very vital hold on Christ for they met death fearlessly and in terrible forms and would not recant. Christianity was stamped out, and for nearly 250 years it meant the death penalty to be proved a Christian. Signs offering great rewards to any who would betray Christians were put up everywhere. Yet a few years ago missionaries discovered up in the hills by Nagasaki two or three villages secretly practising the Communion and teaching their children part of the prayer book taught their fathers centuries ago.

Now on this hilltop several hundred Japanese girls meet to study the New Testament, and hymns of Christian praise are heard where once the Blessed Name was cursed, and their Cross is lifted up and magnified on the spot where it was trodden under foot and spit upon.

Three hundred years Christ has waited for the day of Victory to dawn in that Sunrise Kingdom. In the Near East too, he has waited. There twenty centuries ago His martyrs gave their life-blood and kept the faith. There today the sword of cruelty and hand of hatred is raised against His flock and against His Cross. More than China, more than Japan, have we of Anatolia paid the

price for the harvest yet to be. How long shall we wait, how much longer pray, till Anatolia fulfil her name and become the land of Dawn, where now is blackest night?

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Yes, these glimpses through the windows in foreign lands stirred my heart a hundred times. Perhaps because I am a missionary from Turkey and have come to look with longing for one great victory — the enthronement of Christ in the life of the nations,—the memories they left which stir me most are of little things. For out in Turkey, where cruelty and fanaticism, bigotry and superstition have drenched the land in blood and spread a cloud of black fear over the hearts of the people, we count on little signs for the coming of the One who shall reign in righteousness and of whose Kingdom there shall be no end, a Victorious One whose triumph may seem long delayed and ofttimes set back, but of whose ultimate enthronement there is no uncertainty among us who form His vanguard in that land of tears and waiting.

"For not with swords, loud clashing,
Or roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly Kingdom comes."